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# THE BROADCASTER

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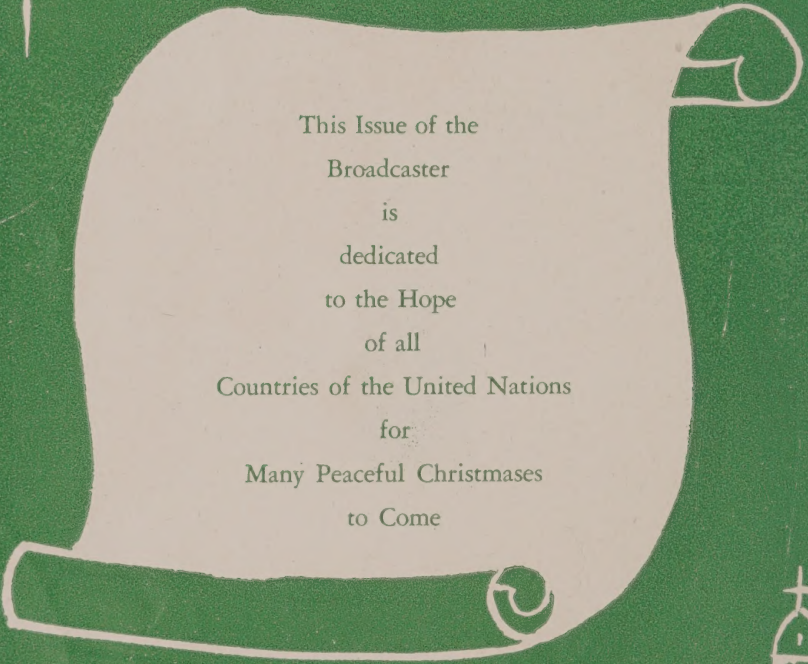
FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS



MEMBER OF  
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Christmas Issue

25 Cents



This Issue of the  
Broadcaster  
is  
dedicated  
to the Hope  
of all  
Countries of the United Nations  
for  
Many Peaceful Christmases  
to Come





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# Know Your Faculty

## MR. HENRY A. FRANK

*Bruce Stewart, '47*

**W**E all, no doubt, have seen this very prominent figure around the school. He is Mr. Frank.

Mr. Frank studied at Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York, before coming here. He taught here several years before duty called him away to the service of our country.

Mr. Frank went into active duty in the United States Navy on August 1, 1942. He saw considerable service in the South Pacific. He went on inactive duty on November 6, 1945, with the rank of Senior Lieutenant.

He resumed teaching here soon after his release, and now teaches social studies both in the Hall School and in the Lawrence High School. Mr. Frank has been coaching football this past season.

Mr. Frank's favorite hobbies are fishing and boating—and of course, his little daughter, Patty.

I am sure we will all wish Mr. Frank years of good luck in future teaching here, and in any task he may undertake.



## MRS. DOROTHEA BEAZLEY

*Phyllis Sullivan, '48*

**M**RS. Beazley was born in and attended school in Superior, Wisconsin. After graduation from high school she attended Superior State Teachers' College. She has also studied at Boston University and Southern California Summer School. She taught physical education here from 1937 to 1941. She has also taught at Westfield State Farm and Fort Kent High School in Maine.

She returned to the Hall School this fall, where she now teaches geography and science.

## MR. UGO TASSINARI

*Cynthia Swift, '47*

**M**R. Ugo Tassinari was born in Sagamore, and attended Sagamore Grammar and Bourne High Schools.

At Bourne High School he was outstanding in many things. He was president of his class for four years, and was captain of the baseball, basketball and football teams in his senior year. He was presented with a scholarship at graduation. He chose to go to Holy Cross, and entered in 1935. There he was also active in many ways. After graduating in 1939 he moved to Falmouth where he was elected coach and teacher at the Hall School. He left the school in October, 1942 and went to Camp Devens where he enlisted. From there he was assigned to Camp Edwards. Later he was chosen for Officer Candidate School at Camp Davis, North Carolina. He was graduated a Second Lieutenant in July, 1943, and returned to Camp Edwards. He went overseas in July, 1944. He was in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and Germany.

Mr. Tassinari was discharged from the service on August 7, 1946. He returned to Hall School this fall and is now teaching science, math, and geometry.



## MISS JANE COTTLE

*Bruce Stewart, '47*

**T**HAT bright, cheery physical education teacher you've seen flitting around thither and yon is Miss Jane Cottle.

She was born in the town of Winchester, Massachusetts, and went to the Wyman School in that town. She then moved to

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# Editorials

## Christmas

*Cynthia Saunders, '49*

ALTHOUGH Christmas has a special meaning for children, grown-ups all over the world celebrate this holiday. Even those who do not have any religious interests join in the yuletide spirit.

The first Christians worshipped in secret; but after Constantine became a protector of the Christian religion, many of the Pagan ways were dropped and Christian customs taken up. Among these was the observance of Christmas.

Christmas festivities date back to the fourth century. Many changes have taken place in the customs since then.

Today in America we celebrate Christmas by singing carols on the eve before Christmas, and by exchanging gifts around a lighted, decorated evergreen tree.

This is one of our most important holidays, and is looked forward to with happy anticipation by both young and old.



## Teen Age Club

*Audrey Chase, '49*

LET us peek into the windows of two different homes. In the first we see a frantic father, a mother who is weeping and an officer of the law. This officer has just told them that their son has been arrested for breaking into a store and for carrying a gun.

Through her tears the mother says, "Poor Jimmie. He is a good boy. It's the company he keeps. He hangs around with a crowd much older than himself. I've known it was not for his good to pal around with them, but they influenced him by giving him money which we could not afford to give him. If we only could have let him join the 'Y' or some other club."

In the other window, we find a happy father and mother entertaining some of their friends. If we were to listen to them, we would hear one of the visitors ask where the children were, and this would be the answer: "John and Alice are at the Teen Age Club. You see, a group of parents figured that teen-age children need some kind of amusement which would be supervised by some older people, but who, in doing this would not be in the lime light. The children elect their own officers, make their own rules in regard to the club.

They have dances and play games such as ping pong, pool and cards. On Saturdays they are taught handicraft. There is a lunch bar where they may buy cokes and cookies. The club closes at a reasonable hour and parents never worry when their teen-agers are at the club.

These clubs are a wonderful thing as it keeps the children's minds occupied. They meet others of their own age and learn how to entertain and be entertained."

If every town was to have one of these Teen Age Clubs, we would hear and read less of juvenile delinquency and we would find happy parents and contented children.

## The First Year of Peace

*Phyllis Sullivan, '48*

THE first year of peace on the whole was not too successful. The United Nations which has been built up into a wonderful organization still has not found a sure method for peace. There have been many new, perilous weapons discovered which are capable of wiping out cities, countries and even continents. We can only hope the United Nations can decide on a way to govern these.

Many servicemen have come home and that is joyous. This, however, is what they came home to: housing and food shortages, a turmoil of striking workers, and an extremely high cost of living.

But there is a brighter side to the picture. The Paris Peace Conference has settled a great many questions which lead to true peace. Science is finding new uses for atomic energy in the fields of medicine and mechanics. Some commodities are still not plentiful, but many products unobtainable during the war are now on the market.

Our country is one of plenty compared to others, to the extent that we are able to share with other countries less fortunate than ourselves.

It is up to us, the boys and girls of today, now and in the future, to make this world a better and safer place in which to live.

## The Question of Atomic Power

*Jane Landers, '48*

THE question of the atomic power is a very serious and difficult problem. It is one of the gravest experiments ever performed in history. The atom bomb has aroused great enthusiasm, deep thought, and anxiety, and at the same time terrible fear.

In the last great war that has now finally come to an end, the atomic bomb has shown its power as a dangerous weapon. It really won the war in the Pacific because the Japanese, seeing its terrible destruction to their cities, feared they all would be killed and wiped off the earth. For this reason they surrendered.

The scientists of the United States who made this dangerous and powerful weapon are now studying its destruction and also how they can guard its secret. If everybody knew the secret of the atom bomb the whole world would be in ruins today.

This past summer a group of scientists and observers, among them Senator Saltonstall, went out to Bikini, a small island in the Pacific, to try out the atomic bomb.

Since they have seen its devastation, scientists are still studying how they can safeguard the secret of the atomic bomb.

A meeting was held recently for this purpose in Lake Success, New York. It was decided that this bomb can be manufactured in small plants secretly.

However, the atomic bomb still remains as dangerous and serious as ever to the entire world.

—★—★—★—

## MISS JANE COTTLE

*(Continued from Page 4)*

the island of Martha's Vineyard. She entered the West Tisbury Elementary School. She said that this was the kind of school that "had four classes in one room." From there, she went to the Vineyard Haven High School. After her graduation, she studied at the Bouvé Boston School of Physical Education. After graduating from this school, she came to teach physical education in Falmouth.

Her favorite sports are many, since her position enables her to like all of them, but she thinks that she likes basketball and swimming the best.

When asked what her favorite hobbies were she replied, "I like horseback riding and cats."

We all wish Miss Cottle much luck in this, her first year of teaching.





## A Weird Halloween Night

*Isabel Rogers, '48*

**B**OB Long, Dick Appleton, and Johnny Brookdale were three Somersville boys who kept almost constant company. They were good natured, happy-go-lucky boys whom most of the inhabitants liked. The boys disliked only one person in the whole town. Her name was Henrietta Van Trivol, a rich old widow who lived with her servants in a huge house on Greening Avenue. The boys had no real reason for disliking her for she had never done anything to them; as a matter of fact, none or very few people in Somersville had ever seen her. On this Halloween night the boys decided to go over and give her a good scare.

Late that night they approached the Trivol house; all three boys dressed as weirdly as you could imagine. To their surprise they found that only one window showed any light.

"I guess she must have given her servants the night off," whispered Bob.

"Good!" exclaimed Dick. "Now we'll give her a good scare."

The boys sneaked up on to the spacious porch and were just about to ring the door bell when two slender but strong hands grabbed the boys by their collars and pulled them inside. This same mysterious person slammed shut the door and locked it.

*(Continued on Page 26)*

## Guilty Conscience

*Bruce Stewart, '47*

**T**HE rear door of the huge hangar opened, and a tall, heavy-set man with dark features emerged. His coat collar was turned up and his hat was pulled down over his face. As he stopped to light a cigarette, the light cast from his cigarette lighter showed his features as belonging to one John J. Burbank, Business Manager for Simmon's Aircraft Corp. of Chicago, Illinois. He hurried swiftly out of the alley into a long, sleek Buick sedan, and then roared off into the night.

As John Burbank drove through the busy streets of the Chicago business district on his way home, he couldn't help thinking how strangely Mr. Simmons, the president of the company, had acted during the business conference from which he had just come. Simmons had always been a good boss, fair in his dealings with Johnny, and a good manager. Their only grounds for disagreement that he knew of, lay in the fact that Johnny had a hobby of growing rare flowers. He grew blood-red orchids, blue gladioli, and black roses, not pure black, but a blue violet so dense that it gave the outward appearance of being black. Mrs. Burbank loved to wear a fresh black rose in his lapel to work, and all his co-workers envied him for his unusual hobby. But Mr. Simmons evidently didn't like flowers. Johnny's black roses made him furious, but the fresh black rose still appeared in the neatly tailored lapel of Burbank's coat.

Johnny mused over this for some time but the events of this evening's conference with his boss seemed to keep coming back to his mind. Mr. Simmons had had such a strange look on his face, a kind of knowing, suspicious look. Could it be that he knew about John Burbank's past, before he worked at the aircraft plant? Certainly there was nothing irregular in Burbank's credentials. Everything had been in order at the time he was hired. But why this change in Mr. Simmons? Certainly the black roses couldn't be the sole cause for such a change in his boss. "I wonder if he knows," thought Burbank. "Oh no! he was just probably jealous," John thought.

By this time Burbank had reached the residential section of the city. The streets were deserted, and only the roaring of the engine and the singing of the tires on the pavement as the car gathered speed, broke the stillness of the night as the Buick proceeded along the boulevard.

"If he does know or suspect," Burbank continued in his thoughts, "tomorrow had better be my last day at the plant—but, before leaving I must complete the work I was sent here to do. Tomorrow night I'll plan to finish it."

The next night the door of the plant office opened cautiously and a dark figure carrying a brief case slid out, and quickly walked down the alley. Suddenly, the hangar door slipped from a man's grasp, and scared and confused Burbank unconsciously reached for a gun concealed in his pocket and fired. Two streaks of flame and lead sped through the inky blackness. One hit a door, the other a man. A body fell to the ground, cold and dead. An F.B.I. officer came over, spied the brief case and its scattered contents and muttered, "Too bad, Jim. I hoped to get this 'bird' alive. Let's see, John J. Burbank. Yes, this is our man: Joseph Burgenheimer, alias John Burbank. Too bad he tried to give away the secrets of this country's newest plane, isn't it Jim?"

## Followed

*Richard Holm, '48*

JIMMY Mills felt the cool air on his face as he stepped outside the Plaza Picture Palace, a movie theater. Jimmy lived a mile away and had walked all the way just to see this special movie, "Horror Haunts".

The walk home didn't especially appeal to him, but he started on his way trying to feel cheerful. But thoughts of the movie he had just seen kept bobbing up in his mind. Turning around he saw a man walking not more than twenty-five yards in back of him. He remembered a similar thing had happened in the movie he had seen, and the boy was kidnapped.

What should he do? He became frightened! Seeing a tree nearby, he jumped behind it. To his horror the man came straight for the tree. Jimmy froze with fear! He couldn't move! The stranger walked right on by.

Suddenly a thought jumped into Jimmy's mind. Why not trail the man? He had always wanted to be a detective.

After about a half an hour the man, with Jimmy close behind, walked right up the steps to Jimmy's house. Should he run around to the back door and warn his parents that a dangerous criminal was about to come upon them? No, he should walk right into his house and find out who this man was. The door opened and his mother welcomed the man in. Jimmy was more puzzled than worried. He walked in the door and came face to face with this "unknown man." It was his father who had walked up to meet him on the way home.



A recently discharged soldier who had established a shoe repair shop in his home town was asked how he was getting along with his work.

"Couldn't be better," was the cheery reply. "Two weeks behind already."



## Ellie Goes Skating

*Elliott Sisson, '49*

"**B**R-R-R, it's cold," said Ellie to his pal Bob, after they had gotten off the bus, "but it will be swell for skating."  
"Yeah, Man," agreed Bob as they looked at the ice on the pond.

"I'll meet you here in about an hour," replied Ellie.

Both boys departed and raced for home to secure their skates.

About fifteen minutes later, as he was returning to the pond, Ellie suddenly realized that he didn't know how to skate.

"What can I do now?" asked Ellie to himself. "I don't want to make a fool of myself in front of Bob, but now that I've told him I'd be there, I'll have to go through with it."

Suddenly Ellie thought of something. "I'll go to the small pond near Lookout Point. I still have almost three-quarters of an hour left to practice."

When Ellie got there he looked through the bushes to see if anyone was there. There was nobody there. But wait! Somebody just fell on the ice around the bend. Ellie could just see Bob's face. Rapidly he put on his skates and staggered out on the ice towards Bob. Bob got up and both boys stumbled off, happy and laughing.



## Reverie on the Sea

*Virginia Marshall, '49*

**I**T was a glorious, warm, sunny day, a marvelous day for sailing! Susan in her small sailboat was out on the broad and beautiful ocean. Bad luck was with her on this particular day. She had been sailing for an hour when suddenly the wind went down. As she sat there, her mind slowly drifted off to the days when the clipper ships were in style.

"Ahoj there," she heard herself calling, "I think I see a whale off portside."

The men were all crowded around her, looking for the great sight which they were about to behold. There before them swam

a beautiful but dangerous white whale.

"We must run!" cried some of the sailors.

"No, let's stay and capture it," replied the others.

"I think we should leave it up to the captain," Susan exclaimed.

The captain hesitated, but then replied philosophically, "We must leave him alone this time, for he is angry today and might harm us."

The crew agreed and they sailed on peacefully.

Susan then awoke, finding herself drifting toward shore. There was still no breeze, so taking the oars, she rowed slowly homeward.



## A Cape Cod Sunset

*Bruce Stewart, '47*

**H**AVE you ever studied a sunset? A Cape Cod sunset?

The first signs of twilight show an orange yellow, with the sun becoming a reddening ball of fire. As this drama, produced and directed by Nature rolls on, the sky turns red and the sun disappears from sight. You may not have noticed it before, but some high clouds reflect the pink light from the sun against a turquoise sky. Now the light fades from the clouds, and they are lost in the darkening blue of the sky. The heavens are now a very deep blue purple, fading to a shrinking rim of orange along the horizon. But now, as if ringing down the curtain on one of Nature's finest dramas, an evening mist floats over the water obscuring everything.



## Autumn Leaves

*Connie Craig, '47*

**H**AVE you ever watched the lovely leaves come down from the trees in the autumn? How they twirl and whirl about and fly over meadows and fields before they finally fall! There are so many different colors in the leaves—red, orange, yellow, rust, brown and many others. They

come down as if someone had picked them up and blown them away. Most of them come down somersaulting, and they seem very happy and gay and full of fun; while a few of the sad reserved type, filled with misgivings about leaving their homes so far above the ground, sail straight down. Then they all bury themselves in the beds of leaves which have already flown from the now almost-bare branches of the trees. As you ride in the country you look up and some trees will have the most breath-taking deep red leaves, while some will have just as lovely ones of yellow or orange. These trees with their beautiful leaves seem to make the countryside alive with colors.



## A Lawn and Garden In The Early Morning

*Cynthia Swift, '47*

IN the early morning the lawn looks like a million diamonds. The garden reminds us of sparkling jewels of many colors. As the sun rises higher, the dew runs down the leaves and sometimes looks like miniature waterfalls. This does not last long for the sun shines too brightly, and the jewels and waterfalls silently fade away.



## Spring Memories

*Ann Thobae, '47*

SPRING is gone like a Cinderella princess, but memories of it still remain; tall slender forsythias, jonquils with yellow throats, pink dogwood, the early rose and a million pastel shades of green. The grass becomes deeper and more velvety. The sky is a clearer, more magnificent blue than in any other season. Clouds seldom float by, but when they do they are fleecy, white ones. Yes, spring is gone, but soon it will come tripping back bringing with it the beauty it took.

## The Beauty of Nature

*Ted Blomberg, '47*

JUST as the prevailing color of spring is white with pink and purple flushes, or faint and delicate blue, suggestive of the dawn of the opening year, autumn tints and shades are suggestive of the later time, of the sunset and afterglow.

The strawberry bush's crimson capsule spills open to expose its scarlet colored leaves. High in the bushes and draping thickets are the bittersweet berries, equally brilliant in scarlet and orange tints.

A few green leaves persist until late fall, and the lingering leaves are very beautiful in graduations of color from deep yellow to its palest tints, with here and there a more sienna or yellow-orange tinge.

The goldenrod's prevailing orange is surely a reflection of our autumn sunsets, and the blue aster's deepening to purple answers to the wind-blown rain clouds accompanying them. The yellow, filmy stars of the witch hazel shine through the stormy blue of the approaching night clouds, bringing to a close the floral season. The faint lines of light break low on the horizon before night and winter wholly close upon the earth.



## Autumn Pictures

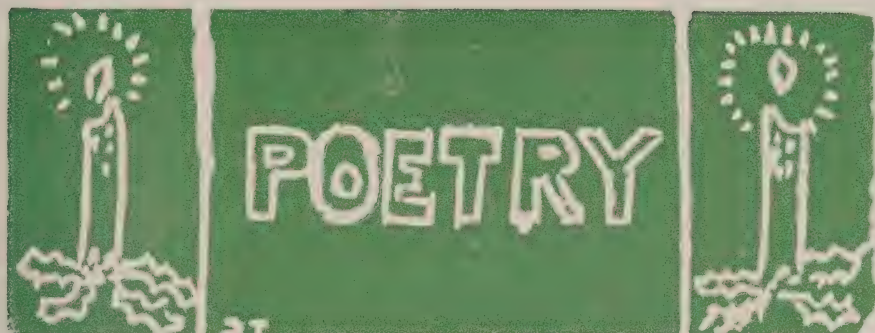
*Florence Bevelander, '47*

The autumn leaves are slowly falling,  
With colors of orange and red and gold;  
The autumn breezes now are calling,  
"Come pretty leaves 'tis growing cold."

The leaves have taken the advice,  
Of the wise old autumn breeze;  
They have fluttered from the snow and ice,  
Leaving behind the naked trees.

The wind is blowing stronger,  
The skies are getting gray;  
The nights are getting longer,  
And autumn is fading away.





## The Christmas Star

*Carol Lowey, '49*

Out on the hill a star appeared  
And bathed in golden light  
The shepherds' flocks that stood about  
Like sentinels in the night.

Three wise men also saw the star,  
And knowing well its meaning,  
Set out upon a journey far,  
Their hearts toward worship leaning.

Down on that blessed town it shone  
So radiant, clear, and bright,  
It glorified His humble crib,  
That holy Christmas night.



## Books

*Kay Francis, '49*

The castle spires in the distant sky,  
The trumpets blaring,  
The banners flying,  
While over the plains  
The enemy is dying.  
With a last wistful look,  
They finish the book.  
Books bring them knowledge,  
History and science,  
Books bring them wonder—  
The wicked old tyrants!  
Books bring them adventure,  
Mystery and joy.  
Books are the life of this girl  
and boy.

## First Snowfall

*Randolph Rapoza, '47*

Just after sunset that brisk winter day,  
I looked out the window and, doubtless  
to say,

The first snow had covered the barn  
filled with hay;

It lay on the wood shed and the rest of  
the home

And also it fell on the town chapel's  
dome.

Yes, the mark of distinction that cold  
winter brings

That makes people think of happier  
things,

Of Thanksgiving and Christmas and all  
the grand days,

That brighten the gloom of this season's  
haze;

Of the special occasions that are yet to  
come,

These brighten the seemingly dull life  
of some.

So, I say to you folks who are feeling  
this way,

That things are in store, come as they  
may;

That the snow falling now carries more  
than its white,

It carries the thought of Christmas night,  
Of the Thanksgiving turkey and bright  
Christmas tree,

That make people happy and the world  
full of glee.

## A Salute To Mr. Tassinari

*Audrey Chase, '49*

All day finds him teaching  
The things we must learn.  
How oxygen's made  
How substances burn.  
Of the air that we breathe,  
About corpuscles red,  
We write in our books  
Or store in our head.  
All this knowledge of science  
He teaches each one;  
Then on Friday night  
He joins in the fun  
At the Teen-Agers' Club.  
He's a good sport and pal  
To every last fellow,  
To every last gal.  
In class he is firm,  
No fooling, no noise;  
But down at the club  
He's just one of the boys.  
So if looking for knowledge  
Or pleasure's your trend,  
Just see Mr. Tassinari,  
Your teacher and friend.

—★—★—★—

## Yuletide Cheer

*Audrey Chase, '49*

There'll be many joyous greetings  
Sent to friends, and loved ones dear,  
There'll be fun, and joy, and laughter  
As the Christmas time draws near.  
Hearts will glow with kindest feelings,  
Mirth will ring o'er plains and hill  
As from the valley comes the echo,  
Peace on earth, to men good will!

## Autumnal Glory

*Phyllis Sullivan, '48*

The season of autumn's upon us,  
Showing itself everywhere;  
The weather is cold and brisk;  
Every tree of its leaves is bare.  
The sun is shining brightly,  
Yet outside it is cold;  
The pumpkin is a true orange;  
The winds are blowing bold.  
In yards nearby and far away  
We know the leaves are falling;  
They seem to make a rustling noise  
Like Mother Nature's calling.  
We see in the air our breath grow white  
Because it is so cold;  
And on a lot of window panes  
Jack Frost his tale has told.  
Autumn is a wonderful season  
For everyone to enjoy;  
When Nature pours out her brightness  
For every girl and boy.

—★—★—★—

## Winter's Coming

*Hilda Peters, '49*

The wind is coming,  
Oh, so fast!  
It is blowing,  
The leaves right past.  
Now it's getting  
Cold by the day;  
Soon I'll be getting  
My sled out to play.

—★—★—★—

## Dad

*Philip Richard, '47*

My dad is a businessman,  
He's not a politician;  
He doesn't drive a moving van,  
He's not an electrician;  
He's not a flier in the air,  
He's not a sailor on the sea;  
He's certainly not a millionaire,  
He's just good old Dad to me.





## CHRISTMAS IN OTHER COUNTRIES

### Christmas in Many Lands

*Jane Landers, '48*

WHEN Christmas comes again this year

It will bring good tidings and great cheer,  
And anxious hearts their waiting o'er  
Praise God, that peace is now in store.

Happy children's laughing voices

O'er the world each one rejoices,  
German, French, Dutch or Dane

They're looking this year for Santa again.

The little Dutch boy'll put out his shoe  
Hoping St. Nick will bring presents new,  
And good St. Nick on his white horse  
astride

Joyfully, over the frozen dikes will glide.

Pere Noel is hailed in France;

English kiddies 'round the yule will dance,  
While little ones the wide world o'er,  
Hear the Christmas story, as of yore.

We, the children of U. S. A.,  
With happy hearts and voices gay,  
Will see the glow of freedom's light  
That shines in hearts on Christmas night.

### Christmas Customs in England.

*Paul Anderson, '48*

IN England Christmas or the Yuletide season begins on Christmas Eve and lasts to the Epiphany, January the sixth. During this period there are many festivities, especially in rural England.

On the day before Christmas the Yule log for the Christmas fire is brought in with much ceremony. The lighting of the Yule candle is another of the traditions of Christmas Eve.

At many of the country manor houses parties are held on Christmas Eve for tenants, servants and their friends. Games are played and there are country dances. Christmas punch, cold roasts, and cake are still served as they were in Dickens' time. On Christmas Day the roast goose is the special dish served with a rich pudding.

Carol singers go singing through the streets during the holidays. One of the best known of their English carols is "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen".

Boxing Day is the first weekday following Christmas Day. It is a legal holiday, when presents in boxes are given to errand boys, letter carriers and tenants on the big estates.

## Christmas in Norway

Virginia Marshall, '49

IT was the day before Christmas. The Yuletide spirit permeated the air. Two little elves sat on the bottom step of the attic stairway, whispering and nodding vigorously. They were waiting for their portion of porridge, such as all good Christmas elves were accustomed to receive.

"Which girl do you think will bring us our porridge today?" asked one of them.

"I don't know. They have both brought it an equal amount of times. The one who brings it today will get the better present."

Outside, two birds were flying around waiting expectantly for their sheaves of grain.

The boys, Gustave and Eric, were out cleaning the stable and preparing extra rations for the animals. The girls were bustling around the kitchen preparing for the coming holiday.

Gradually the shadows fell and night came upon the little Norwegian farmhouse in the valley. Gustave gently placed some straw at the foot of the tree in memory of the stable and the manger. Ingrid and Hilda threw some salt into the fire to ward off any evil spirits lurking in the chimney. Then silently the children tiptoed off to bed, satisfied that all was in readiness for the midwinter festival which is celebrated not only for the birth of Jesus, but for the triumph of light over darkness.

## The Yule Log Carol

Claire Nickerson, '48

AS the Yule log is dragged in from the woods to make Christmas cheer in the home, it is greeted with bared heads, and the following old carol in its original form is sung:

Kindle the Christmas brand and then  
Till sunset let it burne;  
Which quenched, then lay it up agen  
Till Christmas next returne.  
Past must be kept wherewith to tend  
The log next year,  
And when it has safely kept, the friend  
Can do no mischief there.

## The French Christmas

Brenda Bowman, '48

Swift Lawrence, '48

FRANCE makes a great festival of the Christmas season. Booths along the streets are gaily decorated and display sweets, toys and novelties weeks before Christmas, but Christmas trees are still rare.

The French call Santa Claus *Pere Noel*, which means Father Christmas. *Pere Noel* comes to the houses and rewards the children who have been good by filling their shoes with candy and toys. But with him comes Rupprecht who carries a bundle of switches to punish naughty children.

French people have a beautiful custom of giving extra fodder to the cattle at Christmas, throwing grain to the birds, and even unchaining the watch dogs.

In France people have yet another way of giving presents to one another. The presents are wrapped in many thicknesses of paper and the person's name for whom it is intended is written on the outside. Then they knock on the person's door and when it is opened, the package is suddenly flung into the room.

Almost every family has a creche, or manger scene, and there is one on the altar of every Catholic church. Many religious plays about the birth of Christ are given in this season, and church services are held at midnight on Christmas Eve. After the midnight mass, many family gatherings are held in French homes. In large towns fairs are held at Christmas time, and where the old customs are still kept up, parties are given on Twelfth Night after Christmas. At these celebrations the king or queen is the person who has found in his cake a tiny doll, a little wooden shoe or a bean.

On the night before Christmas the shops are ablaze with lights, restaurants keep open all night and have Christmas greens decorating their windows. In Paris, each year, there is a huge tree loaded with presents for the poor children. Certainly, in France as in other countries, Christmas is the gayest, merriest season of the year!





## Christmas Carols in England

*Phyllis Sullivan, '48*

THE word "carol" means a song of joy. The singing of sacred songs in celebration of the birth of Christ has been traced back as far as the second century. Carols are also memorials of the hymns the angels sang to the shepherds at Bethlehem. They are believed to have been made up to substitute for pagan customs.

Recently revived in England is the old custom of the "waits", strolling street musicians, singing carols on Christmas Eve.

Carol singing is found in most parts of England, but very few of the old carols are sung. "Good King Wencelas" and other more modern carols are the most popular now. The oldest collection of English carols is dated in the year 1521. In 1630 carols were printed with the psalms, but after the Restoration the Christmas carols again exhibited their jovial nature.

In some sections of England the child carolers carry around a doll in a box as a crude representation of the Holy Child in the manger.

The custom of singing carols is by no means peculiarly English, being found in many countries.

"Silent Night" is the most popular of all carols, and has been translated into many different languages.

## The Yule Log

*Gracie Thrasher, '48*

LONG ago the word "yule" meant a month. Later it came to stand for the Christmas season, and then the word became transformed into our English word, "jolly."

The Yule Log has been an important part of the Christmas celebration in many countries. In England it was the custom to select a huge log, bind it with stout ropes and drag it home. Those who helped were supposed to be safe from evil for the year to come. Sometimes servants dragged it into the hall, whereupon each member of the household would sit down on it in turn and sing a Christmas carol. Then the log was lighted, usually with a brand kept from the Yule Log of the year before. There was a prayer for the well-being of the household until the following Yuletide, and the family sat down to a fine feast.

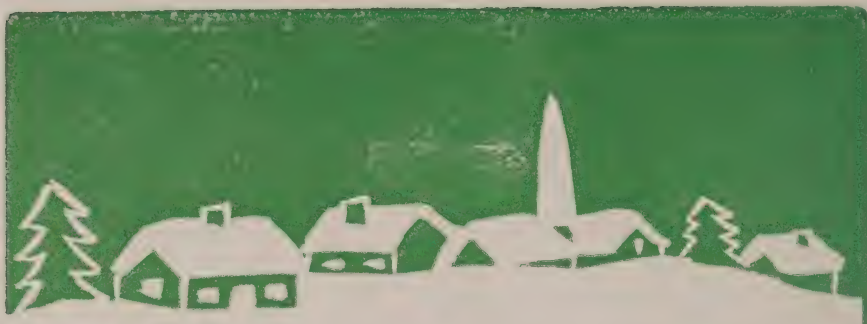
In Provence, in France, the entire family would go into the forest to bring in the Yule Log. They carried it home, singing carols and praying that a blessing be on the household. Then the youngest child in the family would pour wine on the log and it was cast into the fire.

—★—★—★—

## Christmas in Many Tongues

*Gracie Thrasher, '48*

IT is interesting to note how differently the word "Christmas" is expressed in foreign countries. Let us see what our neighbors across the sea say when they speak of Christmas. In Scotland, Christmas is called *Yule*, and in Wales, *Nadolig*. The Scandinavians speak of this season as *Yuletide*, the Slovaks as *Vianoce*, and the Bohemians, *Bozic*. The Italians call it *Il Natale*, while Spanish people speak of *Navidad*, meaning Nativity. In Germany, Christmas has been called *Weihnachten*, and the French call it *Noel*, a word which we ourselves often borrow from them and use in Christmas carols.



## Christmas in Holland

*Carol Lawrence, '49*

Amsterdam, Holland  
December 5, 1946

Dear Carol,

Thank you for your interesting letter about Christmas in America. I hope this letter will tell you a little bit about Christmas in Holland.

You would be surprised to find that in Holland, Christmas is celebrated on December sixth.

Tonight is St. Nicholas Eve. That is when all the fun will begin. All this will start when St. Nicholas comes in and tells us what good and bad things we have done all through the year. When it is time for him to leave, he throws candies on the sheet that is on the floor, and we all make a scramble for them.

Just before we go to bed we fill our shoes with hay and oats for St. Nicholas's white horse. When we wake up in the morning we find presents in and around our shoes if we have been good, and a switch if we have been bad.

I hope that you have a happy Christmas and get many presents.

Your friend,

Gretchen Van Gleck

## Christmas in Sweden

*Cynthia Saunders, '49*

Swedish preparation for Christmas may begin as early as November. Scrubbing, cleaning, baking, and other tasks are part of the procedure. Hazel nuts, apples, and such things are set aside for the tree. Meats are smoked and cured, and wheat or rye bread is hung up to dry. Many kinds of cakes and cookies are baked.

On the morning before Christmas Eve coffee is served in bed. Later in the day father and children go off to cut down the tree. Then a sheaf of wheat is hung outside for the birds, and the livestock are told that tomorrow is the Yule so they can look forward to a feast.

A bowl of porridge is set out for the little *tomte*, or Christmas elf, and his house is decorated, for this luck-bringing elf must be pleased.

It is an old custom to go out Yule calling. The children go out and open the neighbors' doors calling, "Happy Yule!" whereupon they receive cakes and other good things to eat.

In the evening carols are sung around the tree and gifts are exchanged.



Why should a lawyer make a good soldier? Ans. Because he is always ready to charge.





## Mr. Lincoln's Wife

By Anne Colver  
*Anne Thobae, '47*

**M***R. Lincoln's Wife* is the story of the life of Mary Todd Lincoln written in the form of a novel. This book relates the very sad story of Mrs. Lincoln: the deaths of three of her four children, her unhappy years in Washington when she was not entirely accepted by society in her position as the First Lady of the White House, the Civil War years and finally, the most tragic assassination of her husband at Ford's Theatre.

The book is well packed with historic facts, most of which are authentic. Mr. Lincoln's patient, slow and mysterious ways are all very sympathetically portrayed. Mary is no heroine, but her story is not easily forgotten. I enjoyed the book because of the history it includes, and because it is a story full of tears, laughs, color and excitement. Mary Lincoln is truly a beautiful character.



## Robinson Crusoe U. S. N.

As Told to Blake Clark  
*John Papp, '47*

**T**HIS is the story as told by George Tweed, a radioman in the United States Navy, to Blake Clark, of his experi-

ences on Guam during the Japanese occupation. Tweed had decided to take to the hill rather than be captured by the Japs. He left with his friend Tyson. The Japs soon detected him and several others missing. They began scouring the whole island, and Tweed had to move very frequently. Several natives who risked their lives to hide him from the Japs also supplied him with food.

Altogether there were six men hiding on Guam. Three were captured and killed after they had dug their own graves, and two were killed in a sneak attack in the night by the Japs. Only Tweed remained.

One of his friends provided him with a hideout on his own estate, accessible only by scaling a sheer wall of rock on which he set up an alarm. He managed to get a broken radio from a native and fixing it, received news from all over the world. With an old typewriter, also a gift from a native, he managed to print five one-page newspapers at regular intervals for some of his friends. The Japs offered money for his capture or information leading to it, but the natives refused to bite.

The day after the American planes had started bombarding Guam, he sighted two American destroyers and with the aid of a mirror signaled to them. A boat was sent out and he was picked up after he convinced them that this was no trick. Just lately, Tweed returned to Guam where he presented a new car to Antonio Arteras, on whose estate he hid for twenty-one of his thirty-one months of hiding on Guam.

## Navy Blue and Gold

By George Bruce

*Bruce E. Stewart, Jr., '47*

AS the title implies, one might easily recognize this as a football story about a great football team, Navy of Annapolis. The book itself centers around the three main characters, Richard Arnold Gates, Jr., Roger Ash, and John "Truck" Cross.

Richard Arnold Gates, Jr., came from a very wealthy family of Westchester, N. Y. His life long ambition had been to go to Annapolis and play for Navy. The boy was small in structure, but had a huge undaunted spirit. The rest of his family, Richard "Wolf" Gates, Senior, Patricia Gates, and Mrs. Gates were all a jovial lot. "Wolf" Gates and Pat were thrilled at Dick's ambition to go to Annapolis. Mrs. Gates was heartbroken though, because she wanted her boy to go to Oxford. Dick's greatest pal around the house was no doubt Graves, the butler. Retaining his formal dignity, Graves would go out and play football with Dick, rain or shine, unmindful of his neatly tailored clothes. Dick memorized the entire book of football rules, and was an expert on any play ever known.

The book next introduced Roger Ash as a Texas Southern Institute student. His background was of a poorer nature, and he had no parents. His education was as much as he could pay for himself, and no more. He also was a star football player. He had crossed the goal line many more times than you could count on your fingers. His one fault however, was that his easy-going, graceful, and never-tiring motion made his coach hopping mad. The day when Roger Ash received his appointment from Annapolis, he walked over to his coach, who, as usual was angry with him, looked him in the eye, clenched his fist, took a deep breath, and then he— No, I won't tell you what happened. This was Roger Ash.

Our next character was introduced to us in the engine room, aboard the heavy cruiser *Northampton*. This was John "Truck" Cross. This boy was an athlete

and powerfully built. He, too, was a great football player. His team were fleet champions. Not much was known about his background, or even if he had any living parents. He had received his appointment by service.

These three men entered the Academy together. They had three different outlooks on life; they all came from different kinds of environments, and they all shared the same room. Would these three men, rich Dick Gates, the great Roger Ash, and the honorable "Truck" Cross succeed together? The courses seemed to pass quickly and soon football season came. All three men were on the team together. Would this work out successfully? Then finally the big day came, the day of the Army-Navy game. Years of learning were proven on that day.

This book, I think, actually opens the gates to Annapolis and its customs and traditions. There are the exciting parts, and then again, there are the dull parts. I feel sure though, that everyone who reads it will find in it an interesting story, and will enjoy the several well-developed characters.

## Adrift on an Ice-Pan

By Dr. Wilfred Grenfell

THIS is a story written by Dr. Grenfell of himself and his dog team: Brin, Doc, Spy, Moody, Watch, Sue, Jerry and Jack.

On Easter Sunday at St. Anthony, in the year 1908, Dr. Grenfell was called out on a very urgent case. He had to travel over an arm of sea, on salt-water ice. They reached an island three miles out. From the island it was four miles across to a rocky promontory. All went well until he was about a quarter of a mile from the landing point. Then the wind suddenly fell. They began to drift out to sea. Later he was forced to kill three of his dogs, Moody, Watch and Spy. He made a flag pole out of the legs of the dogs he had killed. He waved his flag as high as he could, when he saw something that looked like the black streak of a hull.

You will have to read the book to find out what it was, and how he was rescued.



## Star Spangled Summer

By Janet Lambert

*Beryl Smith, '47*

**S**TAR *Spangled Summer* is about Penny Parrish. Penny is what they call an army girl, having lived on army posts since she was a little girl. The story tells of a girl named Carol Houghton, daughter of a wealthy eastern business man, who comes to visit Penny at Fort Arden in Kansas. Carrol has never enjoyed herself so much and finds it hard to believe there are parents such as Major and Mrs. Parrish. She also takes a liking to Penny's older brother, David, who is West Point bound at the end of the summer.

This story is full of gaiety and excitement. There is a scavenger hunt, a moonlight picnic, a junior hop, and a horse show. Then comes a visit from Mr. Houghton who nearly ruins the summer, but who finally finds himself and his lovely daughter Carrol.

This gay, humorous story was fascinating to read, and girls and boys alike will find this tale of American army life very entertaining.



## Unfinished Symphony

By Madeline Goss

*Constance Craig, '47*

**U**NFINISHED *Symphony* is the story of the life of Franz Schubert, from the time he was born in 1797, until the time when he died in the year 1828.

Schubert went to the Konvilt school in Vienna which was a school for the Imperial choir. He was supposed to leave Konvilt when his voice began to change, but because he was so valuable in the orchestra, he was allowed to stay on. Franz played among other things the violin, viola and piano. He adored composing music and did so whenever he had any spare time.

After he left Konvilt he taught for a

while, composing in all his spare moments. Later he stopped teaching and devoted all of his time to composing. His most famous work is the "Unfinished Symphony." It was so named because Schubert just couldn't think how to finish it. One day he was inspired, and he sat down and began to write; and then all of a sudden nothing more came to him. "The Unfinished Symphony" was laid away and forgotten until after Schubert was dead.

Because its sincerity and great store of historical facts, this book is certainly worth reading. It will be especially enjoyed by music lovers.



## On Jungle Trails

By Frank Buck

*Robert Pratt, '49*

**O**N *Jungle Trails* by Frank Buck is a very interesting book for people who like stories about the jungle.

Much valuable information can be found in this book besides a lot of reading pleasure.

It tells how Frank Buck captures and brings back alive birds, animals and reptiles to American zoos.

Many hair-raising adventures are found in this book when animals or snakes get loose in Buck's camp.



## Mistress Masham's Repose

By T. H. White

*Nancy Pittsley, '49*

**M**ARIA (Mistress Masham) is a girl of ten who discovers a colony of Lilliputians on her large, run-down estate, a palace so much in ruins that only a few rooms were fit to live in

(Continued on Page 28)

## Rebecca

By Daphne du Maurier  
Nancy Rella Perkins, '47

**R**EBECA is an unusual book. It is the story of wealthy Maxim de Winter and his second wife. The book is written in the first person by the second Mrs. de Winter. When the story opens the second Mrs. de Winter is a paid companion to a Mrs. Van Hopper, and they are living in Monte Carlo. Mrs. de Winter meets Maxim there, and they fall in love and are married.

After a long honeymoon, the de Winters go to Maxim's huge estate, Manderly, in England. The second Mrs. de Winter was not happy there because she was afraid of Mrs. Danvers, the housekeeper, who had adored Rebecca, the first wife. Mrs. de Winter thought her husband still loved Rebecca and not her.

Rebecca had been sailing one day in a cove near Manderly, when a storm came up and she was drowned. Her body was found a few days later and was identified by Maxim.

A few months after Maxim and his second wife came to Manderly, a ship was driven on the rocks by a storm. A diver went down to view the damage. He came upon Rebecca's sailboat with a body in it. It was Rebecca's body and was identified by her rings.

Whose was the other body? How had the holes in the deck of the boat come to be there? What had really happened to Rebecca? You must read the book to find this out. The surprise ending will thrill you.



## The Green Years

By A. J. Cronin  
Charles Sample, '47

**T**HIS story written by the author of such books as *The Citadel* and *The Keys of the Kingdom* has become another best-seller. It consists of the growing up of a small sensitive boy to manhood. The boy,

Robert (Robie) Shannon, strives against great odds to enter into manhood. The story covers Robie's experiences with family, church, school, love, and ambition. There are many important characters, but Robie's boasting, penniless, but always kind grandfather, Old Gadger Gow, is one of the outstanding ones. Both he and Robie come into their own in the end. I liked the story because it contained such real life experiences of a boy struggling to grow up.



## Treasure Island

By Robert Louis Stevenson  
Robert Wright, '49

**A** VERY exciting narrative is *Treasure Island*. The story is told by Jim Hawkins who, after his father died, was left alone to face many hardships and breathless suspense-filled escapades.

From the very beginning when the mysterious "Captain" roars his songs at the Admiral Benbow and Old Pew, a soft-spoken, horrible, eyeless creature comes tapping along with his stick, there is excitement in all the many adventures that happen to Jim.

Long John Silver, Benn Gunn, Billy Bones, Captain Flint, and Dr. Livesey are the heroes and villains who are famous for their deeds on the high sea and on Treasure Island.





## ROOM ONE NEWS

*Joanne Benevides, '48*

The officers of Room One elected for the first semester are:

President: Norman Allenby

Vice President: Richard Holm

Secretary: Betty Geggatt

Treasurer: Joanne Benevides

Room One brought in approximately \$58.00 in the recent magazine campaign. Pupils who won prizes for selling subscriptions were Nancy Shaffner, John French, and Richard Holm.

Room One held an assembly on October 9, 1946. A movie "Treasure Island" was to be shown, but it did not come. Mr. Marshall helped us by giving a movie about sports, "Teen-Age Club" sponsored by the Pepsi Cola Company, and "The House I Live In" starring Frank Sinatra. The movies seemed to be popular with all of the pupils. Miss Lathrop gave a talk about assembly manners.



## ROOM TWO NEWS

*May LaFond, '48*

The officers for Room Two elected for the first semester are:

President: Herbert McAdams

Vice President: Frank Ingram

Secretary: Barbara Pacheco

Treasurer: Swift Lawrence

The row leaders are May LaFond, Carol Lusk, Ted Lumbert, John Mixson and Pat Peterson.

Persons from this room who were on the Certificate List for the first term were May

LaFond, Frank Ingram, John Mixson and Jane Landers.

On November 27, our room had its assembly which was a shadow play called "Mary Jane." Pupils taking part in the play were Swift Lawrence as Mortimore; Carol Lusk as Mary Jane; Herbert McAdams as Mary Jane's father; and John Mixson as the narrator. After the play "The Thanksgiving Prayer" and "The Thanksgiving Song" were sung by the whole school.



## ROOM THREE NEWS

*Barbara Tobey, '48*

The officers elected for the first semester in Room Three are:

President: Allen Servis

Vice President: Richard Vidal

Secretary: Frank Rezendes

Treasurer: Donald Torres

The student on the Honor Roll in our room is Isabel Rogers. Those on the Certificate List are: Phyllis Sullivan, Barbara Tobey, Frank Rezendes and Philip White.

Our room brought in \$49.00 during the magazine campaign, and we have nearly \$6.00 in the treasury. The pupils have been 90% or more in paying ten cent dues every month.

We have chosen committees to help take care of the room. The girls who water the plants are Gilda Pimental and Sophie Souza. The Bulletin Board Committee consists of Barbara Tobey and Phyllis Sullivan,

and Gracie Thrasher takes care of the attendance every morning. Bette Roberts assists with supplies, and Milton Williamson keeps our blackboards clean.



## ROOM FOUR NEWS

*Kay Francis, '49*

The officers elected for the first half of the year were:

President: Kay Francis

Vice President: David Cummings

Secretary - Treasurer: Marcia Gifford

Our room had a party during lunch hour on Hallowe'en. On the food committee were: Connie Fitzgerald, chairman; Irene Souza, Robert Pratt and Marcia Gifford. Those serving on the decoration committee were: Phyllis Bowman, chairman; Janet Dufur and John Gaibbai. On the game committee were: Russell and Ronald Harding, Beatrice D'Aguiar and Rose Balona.

On Wednesday, October 29, Room 4 had its assembly. The Reverend Ralph H. Long, pastor of the Congregational Church, spoke to us on character building and training.

The total amount of money brought in from magazine subscriptions was \$95.00.

Mrs. MacDougall, our homeroom teacher, resigned on November first, and Mr. Kinney has taken her place in Room Four.



## ROOM FIVE NEWS

*Virginia Marshall, '49*

During the second week of school, Room Five elected officers. They are as follows:

President: Virginia Marshall

Vice President: Richard Kendall

Secretary: Carol Lawrence

Treasurer: Charles McAdams

Every one in the room has brought in at least one subscription to the Broadcaster. Our total amount is about \$16.00.

We have had the attendance banner two times in succession. The percent for the first two months is over 95%, and for the second two months was over 99%.

The amount of money brought in for the magazine campaign was over \$200. The Army team had about \$137.00 and the Navy team had \$71.50.

The people that were on the Certificate List are as follows: Carol Lawrence, Irene Lopes, Cynthia Lumbert, Virginia Marshall, and Betty Ann Morse.

Room Five had a Halloween party, and everyone brought something to eat.

The row leaders are: Row 1, Virginia Lopes; Row 2, Dorothy Moniz; Row 3, Carol Lawrence; Row 4, Gordon Massie; Row 5, Georgia Lillie.



## ROOM SIX NEWS

*Nancy Pittsley, '49*

Elected as homeroom officers by the class in Room Six were:

President: Robert Wright

Vice President: Elliott Sisson

Secretary: Cynthia Saunders

Treasurer: Albert Tavares

Room Six enjoyed icebergs, cookies and apples during their Hallowe'en celebration.

The captains of the magazine campaign were Robert Wright for the Army, and Elliott Sisson for the Navy.

The prize winners for the Army team were: Robert Wright, Alice Spencer, Cynthia Saunders and Ann Zelinski. Those winning awards on the Navy team were: David Ross, Harold Van Tol and Veronica Soza. The Army team brought in more subscriptions than the Navy in Room Six.



## ROOM SEVEN NEWS

*Jean Cantwell, '47*

The officers of Room Seven for the first half of the year are:

President: Rita Belanger

Vice President: Barry Beale

Secretary: Loretta Benevides

Treasurer: Lorraine DeMello

Room Seven is again in charge of the School Library. The librarian is Barbara Emmel.

Rita Belanger was the only Room Seven student on the Honor List.

The students who made the Certificate List were: Geraldine DeMello and Loretta Benevides.

Room Seven collected five cents from each home room student for the Red Cross Christmas boxes and sent representatives to buy the gifts.

In the magazine campaign the Navy team, in Room Seven, brought in \$62.00. The Army team brought in \$28.50.



## ROOM EIGHT NEWS

*Helen Gardner, '47*

The home room officers elected for the first half of the year are:

President: Phil Richards

Vice President: Helen Gardner

Secretary: Madeline Nickerson

Treasurer: Romeo LaFond

Barbara Hampton and Mary Gronlund are the librarians for our science library in Room Eight.

A total of \$165.00 was brought in during the magazine subscription contest. Robert Lopes won the grand prize of a radio for selling the largest amount of subscriptions in the school.



## ROOM NINE NEWS

*Beryl Smith, '47*

For the first semester Room Nine elected as officers the following people:

President: Ann Thobae

Vice President: Charles Sample

Secretary: Carmen Veiga

Treasurer: Beryl Smith

We have had blotters printed with the names of the room officers on them.

In the magazine campaign Room Nine brought in \$150.00.

Two people in Room Nine were in the Honor Roll for the first marking period. They were: Ann Thobae and Bruce Stewart.

John Papp, Nancy Perkins, Randolph Rapoza, Charles Sample, Beryl Smith, Henry Teixeira, Richard Tobey, and Dorothy Van Tol were on the Certificate List.



## MUSIC DEPARTMENT

*Nancy Perkins, '47*

Miss Cahoon has been doing an excellent job this year with four glee clubs, an orchestra, and a band.

The Seventh Grade Glee Club officers are:

President: Joan Ryder

Vice President: Katherine Francis

Secretary: Hilda Peters

Treasurer: Nancy Schroeder

Librarians: Nancy Pittsley and

Veronica Marshall

The Eighth Grade Glee Club officers are:

President: Jane Landers

Vice President: Gracie Thrasher

Secretary: Phyllis Sullivan

Treasurer: Catherine Hatzikon

Librarians: May LaFond and

Marlene Rapoza

The Eighth Grade Glee Club has done more active singing than any of the other clubs. They sang at an assembly and for the Outlook Club. The other glee clubs are working for future school assemblies and outside singing.

The 9B and 9G Glee Club officers are:

President: Carmen Viega

Vice President: Rita Belanger

Secretary: Josephine Rezendes

Treasurer: Geraldine DeMello

Librarians: Jean Shephard and

Barbara Emmel.

The Sophomores and 9C have not elected glee club officers yet.

Many glee club members are going to the Community Concerts in Hyannis.

The glee clubs also have plans for an operetta in the spring.

Pupils from the Hall School who are in the orchestra are:



Jane Landers, cornet  
 Carol Lusk, flute  
 Betty Ann Morse, clarinet  
 Robert Pratt, trombone

The band is new this year and Miss Cahoon hopes to have it ready for football games next fall. Hall School members are as follows:

Catherine Hatzikon, clarinet  
 Betty Ann Morse, clarinet  
 Carol Lusk, flute  
 Donald Torres, trumpet  
 Charles McAdams, trombone  
 Robert Pratt, trombone  
 Robert Lopes, drums  
 James Botelho, cymbals



## THE MAGAZINE CONTEST

*Audrey Chase, '49*

A magazine selling contest was held in our school by the Curtis Publishing Company. Mr. Shultz, a representative of the company, spoke to the pupils in assembly, explaining the contest and announcing that the pupil who sold the most subscriptions would win a table model radio. Besides the radio there were to be other prizes. In fact, every pupil would be rewarded according to the amount he or she sold.

The contest was to go on for two weeks. Teams were started: the Army, with Mr. Tassinari as General; and the Navy, with Mr. Frank at the helm.

We all went to work in earnest; the pupils with their hearts set on the radio, the teachers wanting their rooms to turn in the largest amount of money. It was an interesting contest and at the close, a pupil in Mr. Tassinari's room, Robert Lopes, was the winner of the radio.

Mrs. Moore's Room Five brought in over \$200.00, the largest amount collected from any one room. The amounts brought in from the other rooms were as follows: Room One, \$40.00; Room Two, \$35.00; Room Three, \$49.00; Room Four, \$95.00; Room Six, \$90.50; Room Seven, \$90.00; Room Eight, \$165.00; and Room Nine, \$150.00.

The Hall School is mighty proud of its salesmen, and it is doubtful whether the Fuller Brush men could have done better!



## VOCATIONAL DAY

*Catherine Hatzikon, '48*

ON October 31, 1946, the pupils of the Hall School and Lawrence High School enjoyed a Vocational Day. Mr. John B. Quick was director, and arranged for people skilled in their fields to come to school to speak to the pupils on several of the vocations. Each pupil picked out what vocations were of interest to him, and attended instructive lectures on these vocations.

A few of the subjects covered were: music, secretarial work, nursing, teaching, boat building, aviation and science.

It is hoped that another Vocational Day will be held; and that more people will come to talk on different vocations, and to give a few ideas of what fields can be entered after high school.



## EXCHANGES

*Phyllis Sullivan, '48*

*The Contact* of the Wilbur Wright Junior High School, Cleveland, Ohio, is a very interesting magazine that features many poems and stories contributed by the students.



*The Wanderer* of Center School, Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, is an extremely good magazine with a beautiful cover design. The magazine has an unusually large number of photographs which are very good.



The news of the Eleanor Toll Junior High School, Glendale, California, comes in the form of papers published eight times a semester. The feature of this paper is called "Who's Who." A person who is popular and has made distinction in something is chosen for each issue. A picture and an article about him appears.



## Girls' Sports

*Natalie MacDougall, '46*

**B**ASKETBALL practice started on November 12, under the direction of Miss Jane Cottle. Those that signed up in the ninth grade were Lemoyne Palmer, Lois Day, Connie Craig, Cynthia Swift, Dorothy Van Tol, Nancy Reine, Elsie Gomes, Ann Thobae, Joan Vincent, Patricia Lawrence, and Edna Pocknett. We wish them luck in winning many of the games.

This fall Miss Cottle has taught the girls in their gym classes how to play field hockey. Goal posts were put on either end of the field in front of the school. Many of the girls signed up for hockey, and when the teams are well practiced they will compete with other schools.



## Boys' Sports

*Barry Beale, '47*

**T**HE Hall School did not have a football team this fall, but a few of the ninth grade boys played on the Lawrence High School team. These boys were: Manuel Fontes who was injured in practice and unable to play for the rest of the season, Edward Marks who played right half-back, John DeSouza, a tackle, and Barry Beale whose position was right end.

## Assemblies

*Nancy Perkins, '47*

**O**N September 18, 1946, Mr. Marshall held an opening school assembly. He spoke to the pupils of the Hall School about rules and regulations for the coming school year. He asked for our cooperation in following these rules and in making our school a better one.

On October 9, Room One gave its assembly which consisted of three movies: one on sports, a Teen Age Club plan sponsored by the Pepsi Cola Company and "The House I Live In"—a movie on race tolerance and good citizenship.



On October 28, Mr. Erwin Williamson, a deep sea diver, gave the narration to an interesting film. The picture showed many fish and underwater plants. There were also scenes of him and other divers beneath the surface.

Room Four had its assembly on October 30. Mr. Long, the pastor of the Congregational Church, gave a talk on character building which also included some pointers on Halloween behavior. Perhaps as a result of Mr. Long's talk and another given by Mr. Marshall, no great damage was done on Halloween in Falmouth.

Room Six presented its assembly on November 14, 1946. Several pupils read Armistice Day poems. The Eighth Grade Glee Club sang four songs, one of which was of Indian origin, and was accompanied by a tom-tom.

On November 27, Room Two presented an interesting Thanksgiving Assembly. A shadow play, "The Ballad of Mary Jane" was put on with the following pupils taking part: Carol Lusk, Swift Lawrence, John Mixon and Herbert McAdams. "The Story of Thanksgiving" was read by Claire Nickerson, and Barbara Pacheco gave a prayer entitled "We Thank Thee."



## A WEIRD HALLOWEEN NIGHT

*(Continued from Page 7)*

The thought of running raced through their minds, but where would they run to? The room was pitch dark. Even if there had been a chance to escape the boys couldn't have run for they had not yet fully recovered from their fright, and all they did was stand there and tremble.

Finally the silence was broken by a gruff voice which commanded, "Reach for the sky and don't try any funny business. Walk straight ahead and do as I say or I'll shoot!"

The boys wondered how she could tell where they were going. There weren't any lights on wherever they were. How could she shoot at them if she couldn't see them? Again the gruff voice gave forth a command, "Stand right where you are!"

Then the boys heard this mysterious person walk away from them. In the next moment the lights came on and the boys

saw a little gray-haired lady, with a kindly face standing about ten feet in front of them.

For quite some time no one said anything until Bob broke the silence, "Who, who are you?" he stammered.

But before she could answer Dick spoke. "Aren't you Mrs. Trivol's maid?" he inquired. "I've seen you shopping in the market."

"No," she said quite frankly. "I'm not Mrs. Trivol's maid."

"Then who are you?" asked Johnny.

"I'm Mrs. Trivol," she said.

"You're who?" said Bob.

"I'm Mrs. Trivol," she repeated.

"But everyone said you were her maid," said Dick. "You don't seem anything like everyone said you were."

"What did they say about me?" she inquired.

"Oh-oh they didn't say much of anything, ma'm," stammered Bob.

"But how did you know that we were coming up here tonight, or didn't you know?" said Johnny.

"I knew," she said. "Do you remember sitting on the big brown fence in front of the Finely's house, and discussing your Hallowe'en plans?"

"Yes, we do," they replied.

"I was going to the market and as I passed the Finely house I couldn't help overhearing you. I decided to reverse the plan and scare you boys."

"You did a good job," said Dick. "I'm still trembling."

Mrs. Trivol gave the boys some cider and cookies, and they all talked and laughed about the night's adventure. When the boys started down the steps she called after them.

"Come again sometime will you?"

"We surely will," they called back.

When once more outside Bob said, "Gee! She surely is swell, isn't she?"

Both of the other boys agreed. Then they walked on home in silence, each with his own thoughts of the nice Mrs. Trivol and their experience.



# HUMOR

Lemoyne Palmer, '47

TWO men went fishing in a lake in Maine. They caught two perch which they told a friend about. The friend would not believe that the men had caught one perch that was eighteen inches long and another two feet long. The two men told the friend to go to the north end of that same lake and then he might catch the same.

The next day he saw the men and told them that he had pulled up an old-fashioned lamp and that it was still lighted. They would not believe him, so he said if they would reduce their eighteen-inch fish to eight inches and the two foot fish to ten inches, he would blow the lantern out.

—★—★—★—

1st boy: There were seven morons—do, re, fa, so, la, ti, do.

2nd boy: You left "mi" out.

1st boy: Sorry. Excuse me for forgetting you.

—★—★—★—

Teacher: Johnny, give me two pronouns.

Johnny: Who, me?

Teacher: That's right, Johnny. Thank you.

—★—★—★—

On the table are twelve eggs in a dish. There are twelve boys and they each take an egg. How can we count for there still being one egg in the dish?

Ans. One boy took the egg and the dish.

—★—★—★—

Teacher: If I took away nine of your fingers, what would you have?

Johnny: No more music lessons.

—★—★—★—

Oh what happiness, what joy!  
I was here *before* Kilroy.



## The Christmas Turkey

Barbara Yarnold, '49

A cold, grey mist is on the hills,  
And the dampness rises over the rills.  
A turkey struts in the big barnyard,  
Not knowing he'd better keep on guard,  
For the old red axe will mean his fate,  
And we'll all enjoy him on a later date.  
He doesn't one bit mind the cold,  
For pride keeps him warm; and he's so bold

He'll come to us as if to say,  
"Look at me!—at my feathers gay!"  
We don't pay attention to him at all,  
For we know "pride goeth before a fall."

—★—★—★—

## Dave Dawson at Dunkirk

By R. Sidney Bowen

Harold Van Tol, '49

DAVE Dawson at Dunkirk by R. Sidney Bowen is a story about an American flier in Europe while England was at war with Germany. While there, he met an English flier, Freddy Farmer, transporting medical supplies for England. They were captured by Germans, but escaped after a few days in prison. The most exciting part of the story is when the boys were rescuing some English soldiers from a large forest fire. If you like aviation adventure stories you should get the Dave Dawson series.

## Green Peace

By Marjorie Hayes  
Carol Lawrence, '49

**G**REEN Peace by Marjories Hayes is an old fashioned story about a girl who takes her brother to an institute for blind children. The institute is run by a man and his wife who have a lovely home of their own named Green Peace. They have three children, but also take care of a few orphans. The orphans, when they are old enough, take care of the smaller blind children.

The principal part of the story is about the people who live at Green Peace and how they try to help slaves get into the northern part of the country.



## MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE

(Continued from Page 19)

She had no parents, but was under the guardianship of Mr. Hater, a Vicar. He had a governess to teach and look after her, but on the side took for himself a goodly portion of what little money Maria was supposed to have for her care.

Miss Brown, the governess, was very wicked and made Maria do things like lying down for hours each afternoon.

Two other main characters in this story are Mrs. Noakes, the cook, and the Professor. They are very kind to Maria and play an important part in the end.

Miss Brown, enraged by Maria's keeping a secret and going about so happily even after all the cruel things she did to her, finally discovered the Lilliputians for herself. She took the Vicar into her confidence and they did their best to catch them, because they knew of the money they could get if they were sold. I'm sure you will want to read of the adventures that follow.

This book is recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club for children.

## Lassie Come Home

By Eric Knight  
Constance Craig, '47

**T**HIS book is about a boy and his dog. The dog, Lassie, was one of the finest in miles around, and she was very fond of her master Joe Caracough, and Joe of Lassie. Ever since Lassie was a pup she had been there waiting at the gate for Joe when he came out of school. But one day Lassie wasn't there! Joe hurried home, his imagination running wild. When he arrived he found that Lassie had been sold. His family was so poor they just couldn't keep her. Joe was very sad but he never stopped hoping that Lassie would come home.

Lassie was taken far away to Scotland; and one day as she was being taken for a walk, she broke loose and ran out of the grounds of the estate and away from her new owners. On and on she went, and how she walked hundreds of miles and went through many experiences, to wait at the gate in the schoolyard for her beloved master is the story.



## Eight Cousins

By Louisa Alcott  
Joan Ryder, '49

**E**IGHT Cousins by Louisa M. Alcott is one of Miss Alcott's wonderful books. It tells the story of a little girl named Rose. She is a sickly child at the beginning of the book, but with her Uncle Alec's help she improves greatly and at the end of the book she is a normal child.

The book is entitled *Eight Cousins* because Rose has seven boy cousins. Rose thinks that she despises boys, but she soon learns differently. Although most of her playmates are boys, she meets one little girl named Phoebe. They all have many frolics that I am sure you will enjoy.







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